

The Mirror

OF

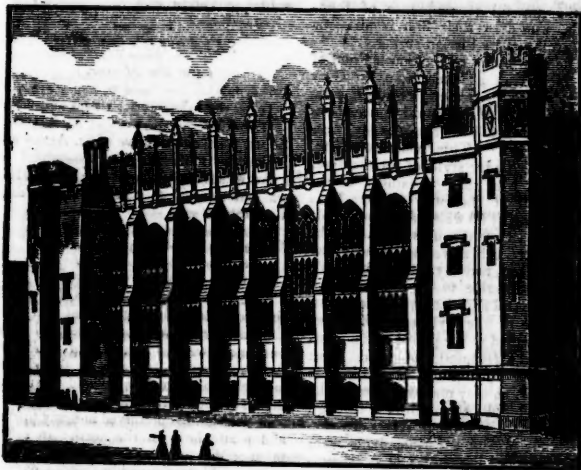
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 295.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1828.

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Architectural Illustrations.



SOUTH-EAST VIEW OF THE NEW HALL, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

THIS engraving represents part of a series of architectural improvements now in progress at the venerable establishment of *Christ's Hospital*, a name which will doubtless rekindle many vivid recollections of childhood and innocence, especially among scores of *Blues* (not those of *Mars*) "from Indus to the Pole."

But ah! what means the silent tear?
Why e'en 'mid joy my bosom heave?
Ye long lost scenes, enchantments dear!
Lo! now I linger o'er your grave.
Fly then ye hours of rosy hue,
And bear away the bloom of years!
And quick succeed ye sickly crew
Of doubts and sorrows, pains and fears!
Still will I ponder Fate's unalter'd plan,
Nor tracing back the child forget that I am man.

DYER.

As a building, Christ's Hospital is very extensive, and consists of various irregular parts. But the greater part of the buildings have long been in a state of considerable decay, for in 1803, "the Governors (after a very particular survey of the structure had been taken,) came to a resolution to rebuild the whole as soon as

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a sufficient sum of money could be raised for the purpose; to accomplish which, part of the revenues of the hospital was devoted to the establishment of a fund, which was immediately aided by a grant of £5,000. from the Corporation of London, and has since been enlarged by many private benefactions." Accordingly, within these few years, no inconsiderable portion of the old fabric has been pulled down, and rebuilt. In 1822, a new Infirmary was completed; and in October, 1824, the first stone of the new hall was laid by his royal highness the Duke of York.

"The old hall," says the author of an useful little manual, entitled '*A Brief History of Christ's Hospital*,' "was a noble building 130 feet in length by 34 in width, and 44 feet high. It was here that the boys had their meals; and indeed whenever it was expedient to assemble the whole number together, the hall was the only place where it could be done. After removing the paintings, the organ, &c. the materials of this imposing edifice were sold by auction, and that refec-

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tory, where for the space of 140 years, nearly 800 children had assembled three times a day, is at the time of writing this, fast vanishing from public view." And we may add, that, however, the walls of this foundation may be frittered and crumbled by the unsparing hand of time, its brighter glories will not cease to live in the grateful remembrance of thousands, who drew their first inspirations of learning at its Pierian spring.

The above view of the South Front of the New Hall is taken from the Grey Friars' entrance, in Newgate-street, from whence, when the projected improvements are completed, it will be seen to the greatest advantage. This noble structure, built in the Tudor style of architecture, is a copy, with some variations, of the Great Hall at Hampton Court. It is 182 feet long by 50 wide; forming a noble cloister underneath, which opens into the new cloister. It is as yet unfinished, having been but recently roofed in. We perfectly subscribe to the opinion, that had the several additions and renovations been made in the style of architecture which prevailed at the period of the foundation of the Hospital, the general effect would have been much improved. It is, however, no easy matter to control the tastes of "building-committees" through a year, much less through scores of years. But as the present superintendants seem to have reached the climax of chasteness and elegance in their new hall, we hope they will not retrograde; for it is really a fine specimen of architectural beauty.

We have passed over the early history of Christ's Hospital in silence, because most of our readers must already be familiar with its details; and such as are not acquainted with them we refer to the "Brief History" already quoted, or to the more extensive accounts of the foundation.

Mr. Charles Lamb, who has the peculiar felicity of attaching superior interest to the most ordinary scenes and occurrences, and garnishing them with the flowers of classic taste, has sketched "Christ's Hospital and the character of its Boys" with great fidelity, and we believe it to rank among the happiest productions of his genius. This is what Horace calls "*proprie communis decore*."

It deserves notice, that "the dress of the boys first admitted was a sort of russet, but this was soon changed for the dress they now wear, which is the most

complete representation of the monkish habit we have left. What is now called the coat was the ancient tunic, and the petticoat, (or yellow as it is technically termed) the sleeveless or under-tunic of the monastery. The girdle round the waist was also an appendage of the monkish habit; but the breeches are a subsequent addition."

SAINT AGNES' EVE.

(For the Mirror.)

"They told her how, upon St. Agnes' eve,
Young virgins might have visions of delight,"
&c. KEATES.

SOME years ago the Eve of St. Agnes was hailed by maidens, who assembled to know who their husbands would be. Meat was not allowed to be eaten on this day. Ben Jonson says,

"And on sweet St. Agnes' night,
Please you with the promis'd sight,
Some of husbands, some of lovers,
Which an empty dream discovers."

The rule of conformity was, (by which they foretold their lovers,) that every one should take a row of pins, and pull them out one after another, saying a *Pater-noster*; then stick a pin in the sleeve, and the result was, they would be sure to dream of their future husband.

The custom is preserved in many towns, and particularly in the north: in every town of Westmoreland, I believe, it still exists, and is performed by (render, excuse my immodesty) young maidens tying their garter in some peculiar manner; but this is the fact, whether imprudent or not in me to state it.

At Rome it is customary to bring two white lambs to the altar, whilst the *agnus* is sung, by way of offering. Artists generally represent St. Agnes with a lamb by her side. W. H. H.

St. Agnes suffered martyrdom so young, and with such fortitude, that the tongues and pens of all nations, says St. Jerom, are employed to celebrate her praise. St. Ambrose, and also St. Augustine, state she was only thirteen years when she suffered death for the cause of Christianity, and her refusal to yield to the solicitations of the infamous panders of the tyrant. She is recorded by the authors who wrote her life to have received, in the tenth persecution of Diocletian, "the everlasting crown of martyrdom, and the never-fading laurel of virginity."

There is an evident connexion between the name of Agnes and the Latin word *Agnus*; and, in corroboration thereof, it may be mentioned, that on the legendary account of St. Agnes appearing to her pa-

* Calculating the old Hall to have been in use 140 years, says our author: "the average number of boys in the Hospital at 800; each boy to remain six years, and to have three meals per day, it will appear that about 18,400 boys have had about 120,000 meals within its walls."

rents in a vision after her death with a lamb by her side, the figures which painters have drawn of her are usually accompanied by a lamb. In the church built on the place of her martyrdom, the priest of the church of St. Peter's ad Vincula annually bleases two lambs, whose wool is afterwards made use of by the nuns of St. Lawrence to make palliasses.—*From the Circle of the Seasons, or Perpetual Key to the Kalender and Almanack.*

ODE TO THE LIVING POETS!

Suggested by some beautiful Compositions, by those of either sex, in the "Annals" for 1828.

(For the Mirror.)

"Truly, master, I know not whether a soul of 'em will see it; but 'tis no harm (is it?) to try and lay it in their way."—*Old Comedy.*

O ye inspired ones! hear the glad note
Of those whose homes are in all wild retreats.
Of green, deep, shadowy beauty! whose blest seats

Rise in still solitudes, who, heav'n-ward float
As moveless planets, stretch'd in quiet air,
(Pure, softly sweet, and rapturously fair,
An ocean of illimitable blue!)

Or, hold melodious rest,
Each in his lofty nest;
When sultry, sunlit days are fleet and few!

O ye inspir'd ones! glow songs, more sweet
And holy are than theirs; whilst solitude
Has nurs'd those glorious thoughts, whose wings elude

The lightning rush of time, when pure and fleet
Above th' immeasurable zone they rise,
That tell the world of worlds from death-
doom'd eyes!

In solitude are nurs'd those feelings deep,
That change to heav'n our earth;
And ye, of angel birth,
Dwell then in paradise whilst others weep!

O ye inspir'd ones! unto your sight
The "Garden of the Lord" is blooming yet;
And in your Eden songs the blind forget
Sin, darkness, grief—plunging for boundless flight

The fetter'd winglets of th' imprison'd soul,
(Th' immortal in mortality's control!)
Favour'd of God! ye see, ye feel, ye know
Deep mysteries divine;
As stars on earth ye shine,
Undying glories clacturing each brow!

O ye inspir'd ones! might I but say
My dear, dear brethren! (hallowed term—for me
Unmet!) ye wander (dreaming rapturously)
On the bright precincts of eternal day,
Now beaming faintly forth in suns and skies,
Waves, winds, and woods, with light that never dies

On your enamour'd gaze! Songs, low, but clear,
Breathe far ye yet awhile,
From lands wherein ye'll smile

On those who love, but cannot ken ye here!

M. L. B.

SONNET.

(For the Mirror.)

FAIR Italy! thy classic lore has spread
Full many a time o'er me thy soothing pop's
When dire misfortunes hung around my head,
Thou hast beguild full many a weary hour
Whether by Dante's visions borne along,
My soaring thoughts to Paradise anon;
Or charm'd by Petrarch's melancholy song,
Tuning to love his sweetly plaintive tone.
Oft have thy magic pages proved to me
A fertile source of never-failing charms,
Waffing me back to days of chivalry,
When Charlemagne aroused the world to arms!

Peace to thy beautiful land!—May soon again
Thy sleeping Cæsar wake and still triumphant reign!

M. L. B.

SONNET XXXI. FROM PETRARCH.

(For the Mirror.)

Annovera ed canin le doti di Laura.

WHERE is the face whose softest smile
My heart subjected to her will?
Where! the fine brow and starry eyes,
That lured me from the earth to skies?

Where! now the courage, mind, and heart,
The vocal sweets such lips impart?
Where! every congregated grace,
Which long my soul rejoic'd to trace?

Where! the mild traits of angel face,
Quick'ning my weary spirits' pace?
In which were all my thoughts incarnate?
Where! she who deep my soul imbued?
Powerless, oh world! thy cares, and vain—
These humid eyes to dry again.

J. F.

ON PANTOMIME.

(For the Mirror.)

THE origin of pantomime may be easily traced back to the earliest ages, when mimes were not only employed at theatres and festivals, but even at funerals, where the actors described by their gestures the actions and manners of the deceased, and exhibited his virtues and vices. The propensity, however, of the mimes to ridicule, inclined them rather to reveal their frailties than to disclose their virtues, or any thing that might redound to their honour.

The present character, however, of Harlequin, as he appears in England, differs extremely from the ancient mimes, and from the Harlequin of other nations. The mimes, indeed, dressed themselves in party-coloured clothes, but in other respects they do not seem in the least to have resembled him; while the French Harlequin speaks and sings and walks about like any one else; it is true, he bears a wand and the usual costume, but for what this wand is intended I never could discover, for, instead of being em-

played (as in England) in slapping faces, changing wheel-barrow into pagodas and the like, it hangs useless; nay, in a French vaudeville which I have at hand, Harlequin exercises the profession of a bill-sticker, and there he is represented climbing a ladder with a pot of paste in one hand and a brush in the other, an occupation which our Harlequin would scorn to follow.

If we look among the Italians, we find their Harlequino a complete buffoon, who cracks his miserable jokes for the amusement of the populace, and ranks with Punch, monkeys, and puppet-shows. But in England he is a silent, mysterious, magical being. J. O—F—D.

JOE BLUNT.

A PATHETIC BALLAD.

JOE BLUNT, he was an angler blithe,
As ever walked the sod;

And, though no pedagogue, knew how,
To handle well the rod.

And oft he taught dace, perch, and pike,
With trout and carp to boot;
For though his name was Blunt, i' faith,
His angling was acute.

One morning Joe his basket stored
With many a tempting bribe,
And off he set, with merry face,
To snare the sunny tribe.

And soon the Lea appeared in sight,—
Joe's heart beat light and free,
And, as he trudg'd across the bridge,
He whistled o'er the Lea.

But scarcely had he set all right,
With tackle round him spread,
When, lo! a strapping Irishman
Came bearing down a-head.

"Arrah!" quoth he, "this wather here
Is private, if you please;
And, by the powers: if you don't bolt,
Your tackle I will seize."

Now Joe, who though of gentle race,
Was bold and valiant too,
Cried, "E'er my tackle you shall seize,
I'll tackle well with you."

"Heed not your courage, since you seem
So mighty hot with me;
And saying this, he caught him up,
And sound him in the Lea."

But, woe, alas! poor Paddy sunk,
And went—"the dreary walk;"
For, though an Irishman, yet he
Was not a man of Cork.

Then Joe was tried for this sad crime,
And sentenced soon to die,—
To hang, a public spectacle,
For every vulgar eye.

Alas! it was a woeful fate

For jovial Joseph Blunt:
To go so soon, from fishing here,
To fish in Charon's punt.

But laws will have their course, and Joe
His sentence could not stop,
Although, like other sober folks,
He never loved—a drop.

So Joseph died the murderers' death,
And all his woes were past;—
Thus one, who joyed in catching fish,
Was Ketch'd himself at last.

Then take good warning anglers all,
From this sad tale of mine,
Lest, as ye live, ye perish by—
The dropping of a line!

R. S. L.

ON OATHS.—No. II.

FORM OF A DEEMSTER'S OATH IN
THE ISLE OF MAN.

(For the Mirror.)

THE constitutional officers, in whom the administration of the laws of the Isle of Man is now vested, are the governor, his two counsels, the *deemsters*, and the House of Keys. The Tynwald, or Tynwald Mount, I should mention, stands about three miles from Peel, near the side of the high road to Douglas. Its name is a compound of the British words *tyng* and *wal*, signifying the *Judicial Hill*. Here, when the laws are promulgated, the governor is seated under a canopy of state, while the other estates and peoples respectively occupy the lower circles and the contiguous area. These four estates, when assembled, are called the *Tynwald Court*.

Previous to the purchase of the Isle by the British government, they possessed the entire legislative authority.

Once a year a grand court is held, where all new acts are publicly read, and thenceforth become binding, (for, be it known, they have still the power of making *ordinances*, which have the effect of laws, without waiting for the royal assent.) The two *deemsters* are judges both in common and criminal causes; and as the Isle is divided into the districts northern and southern, they have each a distinct court, answering to these divisions, where they preside and give judgment without the intervention of a *jury*, according to the traditional and unwritten laws, here termed *breast laws*. These courts are held once a week, or oftener, if necessary. The oath taken by the *deemsters*, on entering into office, is conceived in the following singular terms:—By this book, and by the holy contents thereof, and by the wonderful works that God hath miraculously

wrought in the heaven above and in the earth beneath in *six days and seven nights*, I, *A. B.*, do swear that I will, without respect of favour or friendship, love or gain, consanguinity or affinity, envy or malice, execute the laws of this isle justly betwixt our sovereign lord the king and his subjects within this isle; and betwixt party and party, *as indifferently as the herring's back-bone doth lie in the midst of the fish.*"

The deemsters are always officers of great dignity, and their influence over the people resembles, in some degree, the civil authority of the ancient Druids.

W. H. H.

Arcana of Science.

Observations on the Potato.

It is well known, that in 100 lbs. of potatoes, only 25 parts are solid or nutritive, while the remaining 75 parts consist of liquid matter. It contains, dispersed through the whole root, but more especially near the skin, a dark and acid substance, which is of so deleterious a nature, that raw potatoes, when given to horses, often prove injurious to them. It is highly important to get rid of this substance, which may be accomplished by repeated washings, after the root is grated. The nutritive parts of the potato consist—1, of flour and starch; and 2, of fibre. These, when the potatoes are grated, can be separated by a common strainer. The flour, which will be accumulated at the bottom of the tub, must be repeatedly washed, to clear it of the acid substance with which it is impregnated. It can then be converted into a jelly, in the same manner as arrow-root. For that purpose, it must be first moistened with cold water, then put into a bowl, and boiling water gradually poured on it, constantly stirring it with a spoon, for a few minutes, till the jelly is formed, which is almost immediately the case. It will be improved by having either a little salt or a little sugar mixed with the moistened flour, before the boiling water is poured on it. A wholesome and nourishing food is thus produced, which, with the addition of a little milk, is extremely palatable. By some, previous to the application of the boiling water, a teaspoonful of brandy, or other spirit, is put into the potato flour, which, in the operation of making the jelly, is mingled with the whole mass, and makes the food lighter. The quantity of flour or starch in a potato differs considerably, according to the sort and the season. It varies from a fourth to a seventh part of the total weight of the root

in its raw state. In regard to the fibrous part, it is a most valuable article of food, whether dried for horses, or boiled for cows and pigs. But Mr. Jefcoat, of Gateshead (Newcastle-upon-Tyne), who has paid much successful attention to this subject, has proved that 21 lbs. of wheaten flour, kneaded with 12 lbs. of the fibre of potatoes, will produce, when well baked, 38 lbs. 8 oz. of excellent bread; which, allowing that a stone of flour produces at the rate of 18 lbs. of bread, is an increase of 11½ lbs. of bread, from 12 lbs. of fibre. His mode of preparing the fibre is as follows:—After washing it in two waters, he places it for about an hour upon a sieve to drain; then he adds, without its being boiled, the usual quantity of yeast, and after it has stood for about an hour, he works in the 21 lbs. of wheaten flour. It requires very little addition of water, but rather longer time in heaving, preparatory to its being placed in the oven. A moderate quantity of this bread should be taken with a proportion of the potato-jelly and milk, at each meal. The labourer would thus obtain food, a part of which would remain for some time in the stomach, and by which he would be enabled to perform a good deal of work, without injury to his health. The bread thus prepared continues equally good for several days, so that there is no necessity for constantly renewing it. The potato flour will keep for years. If the price of wheat is high, a wholesome bread may be made with the potato fibre, and either barley flour or oatmeal.—The addition of some potatoe flour to the bread, instead of consuming it as a jelly, would make it much more nourishing. The potato fibre is an excellent ingredient in a pudding. It may be made either plain, for common use, or with a variety of ingredients, for the more opulent. To make it plain, take two spoonfuls of the fibre of the potato, after it has been strained through a hair sieve, boil it for half an hour, or even less, with two English pints of milk, adding two ounces of butter. Keep stirring it while on the fire; and if it becomes too thick, add more milk. Put it in a dish before the fire, or in an oven. Those who can afford it, make the following mixture:—Beat five or six eggs, and some sugar and spice, and a glass of brandy or whisky. Some add, to give it a flavour, two or three teaspoonsful of marmalade. Let the pudding be put in a dish, and when rather cold, pour the above ingredients into it; mix them well, and then set the dish in an oven, or before the fire, till it has got a fine brown colour.—*Sir John Sinclair.*

Squalls of Wind on the African Shores.

It is well known that on the African shore violent squalls of wind and rain are very often met with by ships on the coast. They are almost always accompanied by the most vivid electrical phenomena; and though perhaps less dangerous in their effects than the thunder storms which occur in colder climates, exhibit appearances vastly more magnificent. The following particulars I have heard my father relate frequently concerning these squalls; and their connexion with some of the recent discoveries in electricity will at once be perceived. The approach of the squall is generally foreboded by the appearance of jet black clouds over the land, moving in a direction towards the sea, at the same time that a gentle breeze blows towards the shore. In these circumstances, the precautions which my father usually adopted, were to take in immediately all sail, so as to leave the ship under bare poles, and send the whole of the crew below decks. As the tornado approaches nearer, the rain is observed to be gushing down in torrents, and the lightning darting down from the clouds with such profusion as to resemble continued showers of electric matter. When, however, the squall comes within the distance of about half-a-mile from the ship, these electric appearances altogether cease; the rain only continues in the same manner. As the tornado is passing over the ship, a loud crackling noise is distinctly heard among the rigging, occasioned by the electric matter streaming down the masts, whose points serve to attract it; and I think that I have been told, that, when this phenomenon takes place at night, a glimmering of light is observed over every part of the rigging. But when the squall has removed to about half-a-mile beyond the ship, exactly the same appearances return by which the squall was characterised in coming off the shore, and before reaching the same distance from the ship. The lightning is again seen to be descending in continued sheets, and in such abundance as even to resemble the torrents of rain themselves which accompany the squall. These squalls take place every day during a certain season of the year, called the Harmatan season. The jet black clouds begin to appear moving from the mountains about nine in the morning, and reach the sea about two in the afternoon. Another very singular fact attending these tornadoes is, that after they have moved out eight or nine leagues to sea, when they become apparently expended, the lightning is seen to rise up from the sea. The violence of the wind, during the

continuance of the squall, is excessive.—*D. M. Mitnegraden. — No Monthly Magazine.*

Improved Clock.

Among the articles displayed at the first National Exhibition of the Objects of Arts and Industry, at Neuchâtel, Switzerland, last year, was a clock made by F. Houriet, of Locle; in which steel was used only in the main springs and in the axes of the movable parts; all the other parts were in brass, gold alloy, and white gold. The number of pieces in gold, gold and silver, gold and platina, is sixty-two: all the pivots turn on jewels, and the functions of the free escapements are effected also by means of pallets in precious stones. It had been supposed that the escapements and the spiral spring not being of steel, inconvenience would result from the smaller degree of elasticity, but numerous trials with favourable results have removed the objection; and it appears that gold, hardened either by hammering or other means, is more elastic than hardened and untempered steel. The clock had gone for six days, exposed to the contact of a magnet competent to lift twenty-five or thirty pounds, without suffering any derangement.—*Rév. Encyc.—Brande's Journal.*

Botany of the Sandwich Islands.

M. de Michel, in a report made to the Académie des Sciences, at Paris, of the botanical discoveries of M. Gaudichaud (the companion of M. Freycinet, in his Voyage round the World) has the following interesting observations:—

The Sandwich Flora contains certain species which are peculiar to these islands, together with others, indigenous to countries more or less remote, as Asia, America, New Holland, and even to Africa and Europe. To account for this distribution amongst a group of islands so perfectly isolated, M. de Michel, after making due allowance for the action of currents, winds, and casual importation, is led to suppose, that the dispersion of certain vegetable tribes may be dated back at the time of the great revolution of the globe, and that this dispersion took place under the influence of causes which now no longer exist.

POPULAR SUPERSTITIONS.

No. II.*

THE SEA.

"The sailor of the Baltic has his secret rites, and his manner of propitiating the gods of the wind: the Mediterranean mariner tears his hair, and kneels before the shrine of some impotent saint, when his own hand might better do the service he implores; while the more skilful Englishman sees the spirits of the sea in a storm,

* For No. I., see *The Mirror*, No. 145.

and knows the vices of a lost moment in the gusts that sweep the water he navigates. Even the ill reasoning American has not been able to shake off, entirely, the secret influence of a sentiment that seems the concomitant of his condition."

THE RED RUYER.

THIS striking resemblance to be traced in the superstitions of sailors ages ago, with those of our own days, is to be attributed to various causes:—amongst them, superstition, generally, still seems

"To hold her iron sway,"

though they are the boldest and most fearless class alive, in matters having no relation to it. Their manner of life, the frequent opportunities they have for reflection amidst the most elevating and sublime scenes in nature (for what can exceed the waste of waters), the constant and ceaseless dangers and perils to which they are exposed, combined with the deficiency of education (which is perhaps the most material point), all seem calculated to engender superstition, and to render the mariner more superstitiously inclined than most men. Indeed, on land, the manner in which

"Phantoms, with all their dim array,"

have vanished before the light of knowledge, affords a striking illustration of the "invaluable blessings which descend even to the lowest of the people, from the diffusion of the sound principles of philosophy."

It may not be uninteresting to look back a century or two, and give a few instances of the popular belief amongst mariners in those days; though it is to be remarked, that some of the superstitions were current, perhaps, in the days of the Phœnicians. Old Scott, in his work on witchcraft, tells us, that "innumerable are the tales of wonder among such as frequent the seas, about the noises, flashes, shadows, echoes, and other visible appearances and noises, nightly seen and heard upon the water;" and Dr. Pegge says, "Our sailors, I am told, at this very day (I mean the vulgar sort), have a strange opinion of the devil's power and agency in stirring up winds; and that is the reason they so seldom whistle on ship-board, esteeming that to be a mocking, and consequently an enraging of the devil." There is a very strange marine custom also related in Petronius Arbitræ, "that no person in a ship must pare his nails or cut his hair except in a storm." To have a corpse in the vessel was ominous; so was it to lose a water-bucket or a mop, or to throw a cat overboard: children were deemed lucky to a ship.

To turn to our own days:—Sailors

"It is also thought dangerous to whistle, for fear of bringing on a gale."

have, in general, a very proper sense of the importance of religion, though a late writer remarks, it is often "strongly tainted with superstition." They believe in mermaids, ghosts, malicious spirits, goblins, omens, the Flying Dutchman (a spectre ship, sometimes a two-decker, mostly seen in southern latitudes, near the Cape of Good Hope, which appears always to windward, and invariably indicates a storm), and "the devil taking the ship's broker into Mount Stamboli," is received by them as fact. They have a great idea of the transmigration of souls as far as relates to the Simla tribe, many of whom they believe to be captains of Guineamen in a state of punishment. "I was assured," says the writer last quoted, "by a North-Sea pilot, in confirmation of his belief in Mermaids, that, in the great gale of 1702, when so many colliers were lost on the east coast of England, one of the fleet was saved by the kind interference of a mermaid, who hailed her by name in the following prophetic words:—'Sea Adventure! Sea Adventure! clew up all your sails, and let go your sheet-anchor,' the prudent master took the warning, and saved the ship."—Every unusual noise, coming from the deep, is also attributed to some preternatural cause. If the sailor would accustom himself to reason on any matters out of the ordinary course of things, which would be the first impulse of a well-informed mind, he would find that most of these apparently mysterious occurrences on the deep, could be explained, on the simplest principles, both natural and philosophical, which (because it is the easiest method of accounting for them) he invariably places to the account of something not of this world.—

"— In the name of truth,

Are ye phantastical, or that indeed

Which outwardly ye show?"

As such a sailor is not a thinking animal, this, however, is natural enough. We are told, that the captains of ships in Norway, when they are about to embark on a voyage, give considerable sums to the witches of that part, for knotted strings and other charms, to ensure them favourable winds. But we have a parallel in our own country, which is quite as absurd:—I allude to the belief, that those charmed articles, *peeped Cassia*, or *Cello*, will preserve the wearer from drowning. The Methodists, we have heard, have a similar opinion of their efficacy in cases of sea. Some of these articles will cost from twenty to thirty guineas! (See Advertisements, *passim*.)

The modern sailor seems to have as great fear of witches, as his precursor of some centuries back. The Norway breed are much the most mischievous. "A horse-shoe, always toe-up, is nailed to the forepart of the fore-mast (in men of war), as a specific against these unhallowed hags." We have almost invariably observed the same in merchant ships and coasting vessels. By the way, this is also practised amongst colliers, who would, on no account, omit having a couple of horse-shoes nailed to the frame-work at the top of the coal-pit. Sailors, also, strongly imbibe the popular prejudice against Fridays; and, however important a fair wind may be, would rather run the chance of losing it, and, perhaps, being detained for a considerable period, than voluntarily sail on that unlucky day. In cases where they are obliged to do so, all disasters that may occur subsequently, are generally attributed to this reason. The following is a singular story connected with this subject:—An intelligent merchant of Connecticut, wishing to do what he could towards eradicating this often inconvenient impression, caused the keel of a vessel to be laid on a Friday:—she was launched on a Friday; named the "Friday;" and sailed on her first voyage on a Friday. "Unfortunately for the success of this well-intentioned experiment, neither vessel nor crew were ever again heard of!"

We find, also, that the same superstition, respecting cats, which we noticed as having been in vogue centuries ago, still exists in all its pristine force. A sailor (of the navy we presume), Captain Glasscock says, in the two cases, would rather throw a Jew than a cat overboard! The offence against the feline race, he dreads, would be visited by sickness, hard weather, and almost every calamity incident to a nautical life, and we doubt not that this trait in Jack's character will be highly esteemed by the ladies of "*the certain age*," as our Gallic neighbours say.

The appearance of birds at sea is also considered a bad omen; they are thought to precede tempestuous weather. "Mother Carey's chickens," and many other species, are even said to be in league with the powers "that none may name!" The origin of the name of these most unlucky birds is curious, and I may give it at a future opportunity. By the way, few things at sea (when people, of necessity, are obliged to devote their mind and attention to matters that those on land would perhaps think trifles), are more interesting than the arrival of these feathered visitants, which, sometimes, remain for a

considerable time perched in the shrouds of the ship, and often afford considerable amusement to the passengers or crew: and the gambols of the dolphin, or shark, with the more unwieldy movements of the whale, and various habits of other fish, combined with the screams of these marine birds, frequently afford the seamen food for conjecture; and, like the ancient soothsayers, are thought to have the consequences of good or ill fortune attendant on them.

Hail! mighty Ocean! who can
Gaze unsolv'd upon thy
Vast expanse of moving waters?
Emblem of Time, ceaselessly
They hold their course
Unwearied; from pole to pole!

"Age after age rolls on, till all are lost.
In the deep ocean of eternity!
To which whole ages are as nothing weigh'd,
Not e'en as one light grain of sand that lies
On the sea-shore, to the whole globe itself."

The instinctive power which marine animals possess in anticipating stormy weather, is well known and authenticated. In Stavorinus's Voyage, while in the North Indian Ocean, it is stated, that about six o'clock in the evening "there arose a sound, just like the growling of a man, out of the sea, near the ship's side. I thought it proceeded from some of the men, who had, perhaps, been hurt between decks." On inquiry it was ascertained, that the same noise, arising apparently out of the water, had been heard several times before; and the writer states, that he heard it distinctly ten or twelve times repeated. As the ship advanced the noise receded, till at last it died away. "The gunner, at seven o'clock, informed me that he had observed the same before, in one of his Indian Voyages, and that a dreadful storm had succeeded." At the time he said this, there was not the least appearance of a storm, but before four o'clock in the morning the sea was running mountains high in a violent tempest.

Captain Scoresby, in the Northern Seas, remarks, that the sea is often covered for leagues with a yellowish appearance, looking like sulphur and mustard-seed, which he found to consist of countless animalcules.

But we must bring this article to a conclusion. "Superstition," remarks an intelligent writer, "is, however, a quality that seems indigenous to the ocean. Few common mariners are exempt from its influence in a greater or less degree; though it is found to exist, among the seamen of different countries, in forms that are tempered by their respective national habits, and peculiar opinions." V.V.V.

Rosyth Tower.



On the Firth of Forth, near to the North Queen's Ferry, stands the Tower or Castle of Rosyth, formerly a favourite retreat of the lovely Queen Mary.

This tower is of a square form, consisting of three stages strongly vaulted. The first entrance seems to have been a prison, or place of security for cattle, as there is no light admitted from the outside; above this is the great hall lighted by two large windows east and west, part of the mullions remain: under the west one is the banquet or dais, where the queen dined. Above this room is another, apparently a bed chamber, with closets. A few walls of out-houses remain; and a low gateway, over which are two shields: one bearing the royal arms of Scotland, with the cypher M. R. crowned, and the date 1561.—The arms on the other are scarcely discernible, but are supposed to be those of the Stuarts of Rosyth.

On a stone, on the south side of the tower, are the following lines:—

IN DAY TIE DRAY VIS CORD YE.
 BEL TO CLINK
 QVHAI MERY VOC WARNS TO MEAT
 A DRINK
 I do in day time draw this cord, the bell
 should to clink, when my voice calls out
 Whose merry voice warns to meat and
 drink.

The whole of these remains seem to have been formerly surrounded by the sea, but are now joined to the main by the sands.

The annexed sketch (forwarded by C. H. E.) taken from the east, where are extensive quarries of Scotch granite, from which is obtained the material for the Macadamization of the streets of the metropolis. The association of this spot, with the residence of royalty, gives rise to

SPIRIT OF THE
Public Journals.

MONEY.

(FROM THE SPANISH.)

MONIES do much in this vile world; they're
 good in love—they make
 A man of consequence, and clear transmute the
 wildest rake;
 They make the cripple run, the dumb to speak,
 the blind to wake,
 Yes, he who has no hands to use, desires good
 coin to take.

Or be a man an ignorant clown, a real coun-
 trey elf,
 He soon becomes a lord and sage when graced
 by princely pelf:
 A man is prized the more, the more there's
 money on his shelf,
 He who no money has is not the master of his
 own self.

If you shold have moche money, you will have
 moche consolation:
 Pleasure; and of the Pope mild terms; in
 Lente a goodlie ration;
 You soon will purchase Paradise, you soon will
 get salvation:
 Where moche coine thinks moche blessing
 flows and kind congratulation.

I in the court of Rome have seen, where three
 moche sanctitie,
 That all to money paye their court, and have
 the reverent knee:
 Great honour do they yield to it, with greetings
 grave to see,
 All fall down to it as to one in Power's most
 high degree.

Money has made an Abbots made, Archbishops
 schopes, Bischops, Priors,
 Doctors and Patriarchs, Mayors and Monks;
 thousands brainless friars
 Money has given acquirements soke as genius
 selfe inspires:
 Lies it has made of truth, and truth of lies,—as
 right requires!

How fast no ready laid stream of self-
 curious reflections; for the shore on which the
 queen was wont to gaze in the melancholy re-
 veries of solitude, is now broken up, and strewn
 over the sands of busy life!

Money has laid down much good law, given
much bad condemnation;
Money with manie au Advocate has bene the
sole foundation.

Of covenants and support of pleas where wrong
outlaughes venialion.

With money, in fine, you may have law-grief
and excellent reputation.

I have knowne it compense marvels, where
much has bene employe.

Many hath death desired who still thereby
have life enjoyed.

Others have strait bene staine whom life has
crime hath e'er allyde:

Its pleadings manie a soule have saved, and
manie a soul destroyde.

It has made the poor their vineyards lost and
homes, without a shute.

Bed, board, and furniture—all, all has melted
in its moute:

Through all the world the scurvie goes,—hounds
lick to take its priute:

Where money rings, as a man may saye, the
eye is sure to squint.

I have scene coine holde the best estates and
palaces of price,

Tail, costlie, and with paintings filled, arranged
with taste moste nice;

Villas, and lawnes, and castled towers of admir-
able device,—

All things serve money, all fulfill its wishes in a
trice.

I have heard a number of preaching monkes,
with wondrous elocution,

Denounce on money and all its snares I ken not
what confusion;

But though they in the streetes and squares cry
up its persecution,

They hoarde it in convent cuppes and boggles
with the fandest resolution.

Every householde Joane in her village cot and
ladie of condition

Has her telle and dowrie paid in coine, for
comforte or nutrition;

I never kenned a beauty yet that did not as an
apparation

Hate poverty: where there is money, there is
state to her full ambition.

Money's a subtle Advocate, a silver slippered
thinge

Money's the world's revolver, for it makes a
clewne a kings;

For money and love and soche like giftes a wo-
man will take wings,

Albeit the latch sholde be shut within, and
mammy sholde holde the stringe.

It beates downe walls, it hentes downe towers
infolme as a mine:

And ye may trau my words for troth, there's not
beneath the mine

A shive whose freedom may not bee by monies
lightlie wonne;

But he who has noe gottle to give, his palfreye
will not ruine.

Money makes grave thines light, but let him
who lays aye to his purse-strings know,

I am not to be by his wille beguiled, howeuer
brave a beau;

Or little or muche it is not lent without usurie
—No, not!

I am not to be paid in pleasant wordes where
money does not goo.

In soche a case, if you would not lende, joke too
with a like frauke browe,

Here him not onto, to his well-urged snite nor
e'er nor time allow;

He who has not honey in his panno sholde have
it in his nose:

The merchant who does see in sooth will trockle
wells & trowe!

Foreign Review.

THE LATE MISS BATHURST.

THE history of this highly interesting young lady is already, I believe, in part before the public, yet none but those on the spot can fully appreciate the sensation which her death caused at Rome. It was but the evening before that she had appeared in a very brilliant circle of her admiring friends, at a ball given at her own house, previous, it was supposed, to her approaching nuptials. Her intended was already at Turin, and every day expected at Rome. She seemed to those who hung upon her steps that night, and saw the rays of hope and joy which lightened about her features, in which were realized all we can desire for our countrywomen, to have touched the very verge of human felicity, and to be altogether invulnerable to the shafts of the future. Providence disposed it otherwise: the adieux of that evening were eternal. It was rather a boisterous night, and the rains for some days had continued to swell the Tyber. It is a favourite lounge of the English in this season. A young Oxonian, for instance, likes to compare it with his Horse, and every one with his Shakspeare. The next day the rains had ceased; and that Italian sun, which never deserts his children for any considerable period, permitted and invited a ride. The ambassador proposed, as I am informed, the direction of the river. His proposal was fatally acquiesced in. The whole cavalcade proceeded by the Porta del Popolo, along the road which leads to the Tyber. They were soon at the Ponte Molle. On the right of the road and the Etruscan side of the river, a small path conducts to a vineyard. They wished to see everything to advantage; and without reflecting on the changes which had taken place since their last visit, engaged at once in the hazardous attempt of gaining its gate, and viewing the "yellowness" and "chaffing" of the waters at their leisure. The path was narrow; they were obliged to advance one by one. All dismounted except Miss Bathurst. It was a fatal circumstance, but would have been of no consequence unless connected with others. On their arriving at this point, the gate of the vineyard, contrary to custom, was found closed, and they were obliged to return. The path was slippery—the bank of the Tyber was shelving—the flood rapid and particularly high. Her horse hesitated; she attempted to impel him forward; his hind-hoof slipped, and the next instant precipitated both horse and rider into the very centre of the stream. The consternation on every side was dreadful: every one lost his presence of mind. It is said that none of the

party could swim except her own servant, who, by one of those fatalities so beyond the reach of all human prudence as to appear, an immediate interposition of Providence, had been sent, in the outset of their promenade, back to Rome for her petticoat. It is quite certain at least that no attempt was made, and perhaps no attempt would have been successful in rescuing her from her fate. Life, however, twice rallied and appeared in all the horror of an unequal struggle with death: twice she rose from the waters, and brandishing her whip over her head, called on her friends by every endearing name to "save—save—save her." In the next instant she disappeared, and was never heard or seen more. Her horse floated on with the current, and landed lower down. All Rome flocked the day after to the spot: fifty louis were offered for the discovery of the body, but the appearance of many engaged in the search, exempted them from the charge of any other motive than humanity. Nothing could be more honourable, indeed, to the Romans than their feelings on this occasion; but youth, beauty, misfortune in this country make more impression than the revolutions of empires. Her uncle retired to the Villa Spada, where his grief for many days bordered upon insanity: he had been one of the unfortunate witnesses of her death. For hours after the catastrophe was announced in Rome, I saw many silent faces on the Scala of the Trinità de' Monte, her late residence, gazing with the deepest sympathy on the closed shutters and funereal tranquillity of one of the gayest houses in the town. Every effort was made for the recovery of the body, but for many weeks in vain. It was at last found; not indeed, as was conjectured, near the city, but almost in the very spot where she fell. The substructions and other ruins of the ancient Pons Milvius had detained it on its way. It was conveyed to a small osteria near; all traces of beauty had been blotted and washed out: the rings only by which it was identified remained. The next morning at a very early hour, in the midst of the tears of a few friends, the remains were consigned to the Cimiterio degli Inglesi; and few Englishmen pass through Rome without visiting the tomb of their unfortunate countrywoman.—*Letter from Rome.*—*New Monthly Magazine.*

If I bid my footman bring me a glass of wine, in a rough insulting manner, I should expect that, in obeying me, he would contrive to spill some of it upon me; and I am sure I should deserve it.—*Chesterfield.*

STANZAS ON THE BATTLE OF NAVARINO.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

HEARTS of oak that have bravely deliver'd the
brave,
And uplifted old Greece from the brink of the
grave,
'Twas the helpless to help, and the hopeless to
save,
That your thunderbolts swept o'er the brine:
And as long as you can shall look down on the
wave
The light of your glory shall shine.

For the gerdon ye sought with your bloodshed
and toil,
Was its slaves, or domination, or rapine, or spoil?
No! your lofty emprise was to fetter and foil
The uprooter of Greece's domain!
When he tore the last remnant of food from her
soil
Till her famish'd sank pale as the slain!

Yet, Navarin's heroes! does Christendom breed
The base hearts that will question the fame of
your deed?
Are they men—let ineffable scorn be their meed,
And oblivion shadow their graves—
Are they women? to Turkish sorrels let them
speed!
And be mothers of Mussulman slaves.

Abettors of massacre! dare ye deplore
That the death-shriek is silenced on Hellas's
shore?
That the mother aghast sees her offspring no
more
By the hand of Infanticide grasp'd?
And that stretch'd on yon billows disdain'd by
their gore
Missolonghi's assassins have gasp'd?

Prouder scene never hallow'd war's pomp to the
mind,
Than when Christendom's pennons woo'd about
the wind,
And the flower of her brave for the combat com-
bined,
Their watch-word, humanity's vow:—
Not a sea-boy that fought in that cause, but
mankind
Owes a garland to honour his brow!

Nor grudge, by our side, that to conquer or fall
Came the hardy rude Russ, and the high-mettled
Gaul,
For whose was the genius, that plann'd at its
call,
Where the whirlwind of battle should roll?
All were brave! but the star of success over all,
Was the light of our Codrington's soul.

That star of thy day-spring, regenerate Greek!
Dimm'd the Seracen's moon, and struck pale
his cheek:
In its fast flushing morning thy Muses shall speak
When their lore and their lutes they retum:
And the first of their songs from Parassus's
peak
Shall be "Glory to Codrington's name!"
New Monthly Magazine.

The Selector.

AND LITERARY NOTICES OF NEW WORKS.

NAPOLEON IN THE EAST—BATTLE OF THE PYRAMIDS.

FROM Warden the French went to lie at
Omedimar, whence on the 19th they first

perceived the Pyramids, which border the horizon of the valley on the left bank of the Nile. They look like enormous masses of rock, but for the regularity of the lines and angles. All the telescopes in the army, Napoleon observes, were instantly levelled at these the most ancient monuments in the world.

The army was approaching Cairo; and were informed by the country-people that the Mamelukes, combined with the troops of that city, and with a considerable number of Arabs, Janissaries, and Spahis, were waiting for them between the Nile and the Pyramids, covering Gizeh. They boasted that the French would there find the end of their journey. The latter halted a day at Omedinar. This pause was necessary to get the army in readiness, and to prepare for battle. Melancholy and sadness began to take possession of the troops, who constantly regretted the luxuries of Italy. In vain had they been assured that the country was the most fertile in the world, and even superior to Lombardy; how were they to be persuaded of this when they could get neither bread nor wine? They often encamped in immense fields of wheat; but there was neither mill nor oven to be found. It would be difficult indeed to find a more fertile land, or a people more miserable, ignorant, and brutalised. They preferred one of the soldier's buttons to a crown-piece; in the country-places they do not know the use of a pair of scissors. Their houses are built of mud, the whole furniture being a straw-mat and two or three earthen pots. All their magnificence is lavished on their horses and arms. They eat or consume in general very little. The little grain the natives convert into flour they bruise with stones, although in some large villages there are mills which are turned by oxen. The biscuit which the French had brought from Alexandria had been long exhausted; so that they lived chiefly on pulse or parched wheat, or the cattle which they caught, or sometimes by shooting pigeons. The apprehensions and murmuring of the soldiers increased daily; and rose to such a pitch that many of them said there was no great city at Cairo; and that the place bearing that name was merely like Demahour, a large assemblage of miserable huts. To such a state of despondency had they reduced themselves by complaints and gloomy forebodings, that two dragoons threw themselves in a fit of despair into the Nile, where they were drowned. The officers even complained more loudly than the men, as the change was proportionably disadvantageous to them. The Ge-

neral-in-Chief, in order to set an example, used to bivouac in the midst of the army and in the most inconvenient spots. No one had either tent or provisions; the dinner of Napoleon and his staff often consisted of a dish of lentils. The soldiers, to while away the time, passed the evenings in political discussions, questions, and complaints. *For what purpose are we come here?* said some of them; *the Directory have transported us.* Caffarelli, said others, *is the instrument that has been made use of to deceive the General-in-Chief.*

They set forward from Omedinar on the 21st of July, at one in the morning. At dawn, for the first time since the action of Shebreis, a Mameluke vanguard of 1,000 horse shewed itself; but it retreated in good order, without attempting anything. At ten o'clock, Embaheh was descried with the enemy in line. Their right was supported on the Nile, where they had constructed a large intrenched camp, lined with 40 pieces of cannon, and defended by 20,000 infantry, Janissaries, Spahis, and militia from Cairo. The Mameluke cavalry reared its right on this intrenched camp, and extended its left towards the Pyramids, crossing the road to Gizeh. There was about 9,000 or 10,000 horse, as nearly as could be guessed, and every horseman was attended by one or two foot soldiers. Two or three thousand Arabs kept aloof to the extreme left, and occupied the space between the Mamelukes and the Pyramids. These dispositions were formidable. The troops did not know what sort of stand the Janissaries and Spahis of Cairo would make; but they knew and were impressed with a full sense of the skill and impetuous bravery of the Mamelukes. The French army was drawn up in the same order as at Shebreis, the left resting on the Nile, the right on a large village, where General Desaix commanded, and where it took him three hours to form his position and rest a little. The intrenched camp of the enemy was reconnoitred, and it was found that it was merely sketched out, having been begun only three days before, and might be of some service against a charge of cavalry, but not against an attack by infantry. It was also discovered by the help of good telescopes, that their cannon were not upon field-carriages, but were only great iron pieces, taken from the vessels and served by the crews of the flotilla. On this single observation (casual as it seems) the fortune of the day turned. An ordinary general would have taken it for granted that the artillery he saw was like any other artillery; but it

is the true characteristic and property of genius to take nothing for granted, but being alive to every possible change of circumstances, to look at every thing as it is, and thus to be prepared to make continual new discoveries and combinations. No sooner had the General-in-Chief satisfied himself that the artillery was not movable, than it was clear that neither it nor the infantry could quit the intrenched camp; or if the latter should come out, it must be without artillery. The dispositions for the battle were made accordingly; Bonaparte giving immediate orders to prolong the right and to follow the movement of that wing with the whole army, thus passing out of the range of the guns of the intrenched camp, and having only the Mamelukes and the cavalry to deal with.

Murad-Bey saw the columns put themselves in motion, and quickly guessed their purpose. Though not accustomed to this kind of warfare, nature had endowed him with a quick and discerning eye, and undaunted courage, which sharpens the sight of the mind by confronting it with the danger which it is not afraid to meet. The slight affairs in which the French had hitherto been engaged with the Mamelukes served him as experience, and he comprehended with a degree of skill that could hardly have been expected in the most consummate European general, that every thing depended on preventing his adversary from accomplishing the movement he had commenced. He advanced with two-thirds of his cavalry (6,000 or 7,000,) leaving the rest to support the intrenched camp; and came up at the head of his troops with such rapidity, that the French squares seemed falling into confusion. General Desaix, on his march at the head of his column, had entered a grove of palm-trees. However, the head of the corps of Mamelukes, which fell upon him, was not numerous, and as the mass did not arrive for some minutes, this delay proved sufficient. The squares were thus perfectly restored, and received the charge with coolness. Reynier supported their left. Napoleon, who was in Dugua's square, immediately marched on the main body of the Mamelukes, who were received with grape and a brisk fire of musquetry: thirty of the bravest died near General Desaix, having reined their horses back on the enemy to throw them into disorder; but the mass, by an instinct natural to the horse, turned round the squares, and by this means frustrated the attack. In the midst of the fire of grape and ball, of the dust, crier, and smoke, part of the Mame-

lukes regained the intrenched camp, according to the natural impulse of the soldier to retreat to the spot from whence he set out. Murad-Bey and the most expert directed their flight towards Gizeh; and thus this commander found himself separated from his army. The divisions of Bon and Menou, which had formed the left, then advanced on the intrenched camp; and General Rampon was detached with two battalions to occupy a kind of defile between Gizeh and the camp, to prevent Murad-Bey from returning to it, or the Egyptian soldiers from following him.

The greatest confusion prevailed at Embaheh. The cavalry had thrown itself upon the infantry, which, seeing the Mamelukes beaten, rushed into the jermes, kaiks, and other boats, to repass the Nile. Many effected the passage by swimming, an exercise in which the Egyptians excel. The forty pieces of cannon which were to have defended the camp did not fire two hundred shot. The Mamelukes, quickly perceiving that their retreat was in the wrong direction, strove to regain the Gizeh road, but were driven back by Rampon's division, on the intrenched camp, where many of them fell, and many more were drowned in attempting to pass the Nile. Their floating bodies carried the news of the victory in a few days to Rosetta, Damietta, and all along the banks. Not more than 2,000 horse escaped with Murad-Bey, who, finding that he was not joined by the rest, turned back several times to open a passage for them, but it was too late. The loss of the enemy on this day was reckoned at 10,000, including Mamelukes, Janissaries, Spahis, and slaves belonging to the Mamelukes. The artillery, pontoons, and baggage, all fell into the power of the French, with a thousand prisoners, and eight or nine hundred camels, and as many horses. It was at the beginning of this battle that Napoleon addressed to the soldiers that noble apostrophe which afterwards was so often cited:—*From the top of these Pyramids forty centuries look down upon you?*

It was night when the three divisions of Desaix, Reynier, and Dugua returned to Gizeh. The General-in-Chief fixed his head-quarters there, in Murad-Bey's country-house. The Mamelukes had sixty vessels on the Nile, containing all their riches. In consequence of the unexpected result of the battle, they lost all hopes of saving them, and set them on fire. During the whole night, through the volumes of smoke and flame, the French could perceive the forms of the

minarets and buildings of Cairo, and the City of the Dead. These columns of flame gave so much light that they could even see the Pyramids by it. The Arabs, according to their custom after a defeat, rallied far from the field of battle, in the Desert beyond the Pyramids. For several days the whole army was busily engaged in fishing for the bodies of the Mamelukes that had been drowned; their valuable arms, and the quantity of gold they were accustomed to carry about them, rendered the soldiers very zealous in this search. Three, four, or five hundred Louis-d'ors were often found upon them. The French flotilla had not been able to follow the movement of the army in time; but they had heard the cannon, notwithstanding the north-wind, which now blew with violence and carried the sound from them. As it grew calmer, the noise of the cannon became louder; so that at last it appeared to have come nearer them; and the seamen in the evening gave the battle up for lost, till the multitude of bodies which passed near their ships, and which were all Mamelukes, restored their confidence. The populace of Cairo, the vilest in the world, when they heard of the disasters of their own people, set fire to the houses of the Beys, and committed all sorts of excesses.

About nine in the evening Napoleon entered the country-house of Murad-Bey at Gizeh. It did not all answer to the idea of a gentleman's country-seat in Europe. It was a point of some difficulty at first to make it serve for a lodging, or to understand the distribution of the apartments. But what chiefly struck the officers with surprise, was the great quantity of cushions and divans covered with the finest damasks and Lyons silks, and ornamented with gold fringe. For the first time they found the luxury and arts of Europe in Egypt—the cradle of luxury and arts. Part of the night was spent in exploring this singular mansion in every direction. The gardens were full of magnificent trees, but without alleys, and not unlike the gardens in some of the nunneries in Italy. What most delighted the soldiers (for every one crowded to see the place) was the discovery of large arbours of vines loaded with the finest grapes in the world. The vintage was quickly over. The two divisions of Bon and Menou, that had remained behind in the intrenched camp, were equally well off. Amongst the baggage taken, had been found a great number of canteens full of preserves, pots of confectionary, and sweetmeats. Carpets, porcelain, vases of perfumes, and a mul-

titude of little elegancies used by the Mamelukes, every moment raised the curiosity or tempted the cupidity of the army, who now began to be reconciled to Egypt, and to believe at last that Cairo was not like Demanhour. It was only the country-places that were poor and oppressed; in proportion to the general poverty and oppression of the people, the towns and habitations of those who oppressed them and drained them of every necessary or comfort, were stored with every luxury and delicacy. — *Hastitt's Life of Napoleon Bonaparte—unpublished.*

NEW YEAR'S LETTER OF LORD COLLINGWOOD.

THE illustrious name of Collingwood is too closely associated with that of Nelson in the glories of Trafalgar, to be ever forgotten by Englishmen. Indeed, his whole life was a scene of patriotic bravery. The following letter from his correspondence, however, exhibits the hero in the endearing fondness of paternal and domestic life; and is on that account, worthy of special notice:—

“To J. E. Blackett, Esq.

“Oceon, January 1, 1807.

“I cannot begin this new year so much to my satisfaction as by offering my congratulations to you on your birth-day, and my best wishes that you may enjoy health to see many happy returns of it. I hope you are with my beloved family enjoying yourselves in great comfort; and long may you live uninvaded by the sounds of war. What a blessed day it will be to me when we shall all meet together to celebrate the new year, to talk of the privations we have suffered in times past, and have only to look forward to blessings for the future! I have lived now so long in a ship, always engaged in serious employments, that I shall be unfit for any thing but the quiet society of my family; it is to them that I look for happiness, if ever I am relieved from this anxious and boisterous life, and in them I hope for every thing. Tell the children that Bounce is very well and very fat, yet he seems not to be content, and sighs so piteously these long evenings, that I am obliged to sing him to sleep, and have sent them the song.

Sigh no more, Bouncey, sigh no more
Doxs were deceivers never;
Though ne'er you put one foot on shore,
True to your master ever.
Then sigh not so, but let us go,
Where dinner's daily ready,
Converting all the sounds of woe
To happy pliddy diddy.

"It is impossible that in this distance I can direct and manage the education of my daughters; but it costs me many an anxious hour. The ornamental part of education, though necessary, is secondary, and I wish to see their minds enlarged by a true knowledge of good and evil; that they may be able to enjoy the one, if it be happily their lot, and submit contentedly to any fortune rather than descend to the other. How do you feel since you were blockaded? Nothing certainly can be more presumptuous than that decree of Bonaparte's, or more unjust than the seizure of property in neutral countries. I shall have great pleasure in being sponsor to Sir William Blackett's child; and if it be a son, and he will make him a sailor, I desire my little Sarah will begin to teach him his compass, that he may know how to steer his course in the world, which very few people do."

INQUISITION IN ITALY IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

DROWNING was the mode of death to which the Protestants were doomed, either because it was less cruel and odious than committing them to the flames, or because it accorded with the customs of Venice. But if the *autos da fe* of the queen of the Adriatic were less barbarous than those of Spain, the solitude and silence with which they were accompanied was calculated to excite the deepest horror. At the dead hour of midnight the prisoner was taken from his cell, and put into a gondola or Venetian boat, attended only, beside the sailors, by a single priest, to act as confessor. He was rowed out into the sea beyond the Two Castles, where another boat was in waiting. A plank was then laid across the two gondolas, upon which the prisoner, having his body chained, and a heavy stone affixed to his feet, was placed; and, on a signal given, the gondolas retiring from one another, he was precipitated into the deep.—*Dr. McCrie's History.*

The Gatherer.

"I am but a Gatherer and disposer of other men's stuff."—*Hutton.*

MASQUERADE CARD.

SOON after the erection of the Pantheon in Oxford-street, a masquerade was given there, at which Dr. Angelo was present. On that day he had dined with Sheridan, who, (his character being settled to be a mountebank conjuror) supplied the doctor with the following card to distribute to the crowd:

"A Conjuror.—Just arrived in the Haymarket, from the very extremity of Hammersmith (where he has spent a number of years in a two-pair-of-stairs lodging,) a most noted and extraordinary conjuror, having visited above nine different parishes in the space of a fortnight, and had the honour of exhibiting before most of the churchwardens between Knightsbridge and Brentford. It is not in the power of words (unless some new language were invented for the purpose,) to describe the extraordinary feats he performs. He takes a glass of wine (provided it be good,) and though you should fill it up to the very brim, he will drink it off—with the greatest ease and satisfaction. He makes no scruple of eating a plate of cold ham and chicken, if it be supper time—before the face of the whole company. Any gentleman or lady may lend him five or six guineas, which he puts into his pocket—and never returns if he can help it. He takes a common pocket handkerchief out of his pocket, rumples it in his hand, blows his nose, and returns it into his pocket again, with the most astonishing composure. When gentlemen are talking on any subject on which there appears a difference of opinion, he joins in the conversation, or holds his tongue—just as it happens. Any nobleman, gentleman, or lady, may look him full in the face, and see whether they know him or not. In short, it would appear quite incredible to enumerate the unheard-of qualities he possesses, and the unprecedented wonders he performs; and all for his own private emolument, and for no other motive or consideration whatever!" This was immediately despatched to the printers in Wardour-street, and five hundred copies were composed and struck off, dried, pressed, and ready by twelve at night, which was considered a great effort of the press in those days.

See also *Dr. Angelo's Reminiscences.*

BOOKS.

It is uncertain (says an American writer) what is the number of books now extant in all languages. I have used a library of 250,000 volumes, which contained no duplicate, and it was so perfect, that it was difficult to ask for an author not to be found in it. The largest library in Europe contains near 400,000 volumes, duplicates not included; and perhaps it may be about right to estimate the whole number of printed books in the world at 500,000. This being the case, America furnishes about one-seventeenth of the means necessary for extending learning to the utmost, and about one-thirtieth

of what the city of Paris alone affords. Another comparison will show her poverty in a manner equally striking. Germany contains 30,000,000 of people, who have 2,000,000 of books in public libraries for their instruction, exclusive of those of the sovereign princes, which are always accessible to scholars. America contains 10,000,000 of people, who have 100,000 books for the same purpose; but the 2,000,000 in Germany are more read than the 150,000 in America.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA

Is indeed a child of many fathers; but its incredible success was supposed to be owing to the squibs that it played off against the court. Many of them, though let off by Gay, who was a disappointed candidate for court favour, were charged by Pope, whose wit ignited into a fiercer fire. The song of *Peachum*, the thief-taker, as written by Gay, was less severe, until Pope altered the two last lines:

The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine,
And the statesman because he's so great,
Thinks his trade is as honest as mine.

These stood in Gay's manuscript—

And there's many arrive to be great,
By a trade not more honest than mine.

Again, Pope wrote the still more audacious verses in the song of *Macheath*, after his being taken—

Since laws were made for every degree,
To curb vice in others as well as in me,
I wonder we han't better company
Upon Tyburn tree.

THE BLIND JOKE.

A VERY pretty girl who was blind of the right eye, had a brother who was blind of the left. Upon these circumstances, Almateo wrote the following distich:—

Blande puer! lumen quod habes concede sorori

Sic tu cæcus Amor! sic erit illa Venus!

Translation.

My boy, to grace thy sister's brow,
To grant that eye, agree;
So, thus transformed, be Cupid, thou,
Be lovely Venus, she. C.

WEST LONDON INFIRMARY AND CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.

A "BUILDING FUND" has been established from the revenue of this institution; and an appropriate edifice for an HOSPITAL, is to be erected in its present neighbourhood, and termed the CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL. This charity com-

prises within the sphere of its operations the whole of the western parts of the metropolis and its vicinity, and has, since its first institution in 1818, in Suffolk-street, Charing-Cross, assisted upwards of 20,000 poor afflicted persons. Its Dispensary is at present in Villiers-street. Charing Cross has been selected as the site of the hospital, on account of its proximity to the river, to extensive manufactories and places of dangerous employment, and to traffic of every description, fatally hazardous to human health, and sometimes to existence, where the most severe and alarming casualties are continually occurring, and where from the remoteness of this district from all the present existing hospitals, an infirmary has so long been required. We are glad to see their Graces of Northumberland in the contributions to the building fund; and whatever may have been said about the proposed National Gallery at Charing Cross, we are satisfied there are few persons who will not waive its importance to the consideration of suffering humanity.

TEMPER.

THE great Duke of Marlborough was as remarkable for good temper as for good conduct and bravery. Being one day overtaken with a shower, as he was riding, he called to his servant for his great coat, which the man not immediately bringing, nor giving any answer, he repeated his order; upon which the fellow muttered, "I suppose you'll stay till I have unbuckled it?" The duke instead of being angry, said coolly to a gentleman who was with him, "Now, I would not be of that fellow's temper for all the world."

OLD COIN INSCRIPTIONS.

To read an inscription on a silver coin which by much wear has become wholly obliterated, put the poker in the fire, when red hot, place the coin upon it, and the inscription will plainly appear of a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was practised at the Mint to discover the genuine coin, when the silver was last called in.

C. F. E.

A CONTEMPORARY journal, speaking of Captain Parry's expedition, uses the following characteristic phraseology: "the ill-tempered and opposing wind chopped round and still blew in their teeth."

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